

From the Eyes of Jim Hopper by EggoLover

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Summary: Jim Hopper reflects on the growing relationship between his daughter and the Wheeler kid as he waits in the car. Read Mileven from the eyes of our favourite police chief, Jim Hopper. Slight mention of Mileven, fluff, one-shot.

From the Eyes of Jim Hopper

Hopper sat in the car with a cigarette in hand, breathing out puffs of white smoke. He had been waiting in said car for the past twenty minutes. Parked outside the Wheeler household as he waited patiently – or, as patiently as Jim Hopper possibly could (patience wasn't his strongest forte) – for Eleven to come out of the house. That was pretty much his life now – part time cop, full time dad, driving every night to pick up his little roommate who didn't seem to live inside his house anymore, preferring her friend's house over his cosy cabin in the woods. If someone had told him four years ago that he would be the guardian of a telekinetic teenage girl, he would've laughed in their face. Not at the telekinetic part, but at the 'guardian of a girl' part. He would have sworn that *Jim Hopper will never be a father to a teenage girl, at least, not again*. But here he was, waiting in a car for a teenage girl who somehow got him to do everything she wanted with a single bat of her eye. (*Which reminds him, where the hell was Eleven? He had been waiting for TWENTY minutes. How long does it take for a girl to say goodbye to her friends?*)

It took another five minutes for the girl in question to finally come out of the house followed closely by her friends. *Great, twenty five minutes and they still haven't said goodbye yet.*

El turned to face her friends and started to bid her farewells. She did her newly invented handshake with Lucas, before giving him a big hug. She was then engulfed in a huge bear hug by Dustin, who proceeded to give her a Nilla Wafer which El carefully tucked into her pocket. Dustin whispered something into El's ear, occasionally glancing at Hopper. Hopper could practically *hear* him say "In case Chief is being stubborn and doesn't give you Eggos for dessert". *That kid*. El then turned to Will and the two shared a quick hug. The two were like siblings now. They talked animatedly for a few seconds, before the three boys turned to return to the Wheeler basement, waving animatedly as they bounded inside. Will then suddenly poked his head outside and chose that moment to yell loudly enough for the whole neighbourhood to hear that El and Hopper can't forget to come to the Byer's household for lunch on Saturday, before popping back into the Wheeler house. (Hopper could have gone after Will and

duck-taped the small boy's mouth then and there, but he didn't. Because he was a good guy. Well, that and Joyce would murder him if she found out that he did such thing to her sweet baby.)

That left El alone with...*oh god no* the Wheeler kid. Hopper banged his head on the steering wheel repeatedly. *Why, oh why did he not see that coming?* The duo lingered by the door for a few more minutes, talking quietly with huge smiles lighting up their faces. These two were always joined at the hips, more so than normal 'we're-just-friends' (*and that's something that will not go stop any time soon*, Hopper thought bitterly). Their farewell always lasted longer than the others, as if they were savouring every moment together – which, Hopper always thought was ridiculous, it wasn't like he was going to hide El away for another year (*though he was seriously contemplating that as an option after being forced to wait in the goddamn car for thirty minutes and watch his kid flirt with the Wheeler boy*).

Of course, Hopper wasn't dumb or blind. He knew that Mike and Eleven had something special, and he was relieved that so far their farewells were limited to being very sweet and innocent. And let's be honest, he liked the Wheeler kid more than he liked to admit. He liked that Mike was loyal to El, he liked that Mike cared about El, he liked that Mike was protective of El, and he liked how Mike would sooner chop off his own two arms and legs before even thinking of hurting Eleven on purpose. Hopper also admired the kid for the spunk he had. Not many teenage boys had the courage to stand up for someone they cared about, especially not against JIM HOPPER, the CHIEF OF POLICE, and especially when it was about his own daughter. But Mike had done just that when he found out that Hopper had been hiding her, and again when Hopper tried to keep her hidden for another year. So yeah, Hopper liked the Wheeler kid, he had no reason NOT to, expect for that fact that El was his daughter and he knew what fourteen year olds can sometimes try to do. So maybe Hopper liked the kid, and maybe the kid was on his good side for now, but Hopper wasn't about to take any chances. As long as Mike continued to be special to El, Hopper didn't want to like him too much.

At the same time though, Hopper remembered the pain and heartache that El had gone through while he confined her in the

lonely cabin. He remembered the sad smiles on El's face when she tried to be half way happy. He remembered hearing her cry in her room because she missed Mike so much. He remembered learning about all the terrible things the lab did to Eleven, things that should not be spoken of, and things that should never be done to an innocent kid. And because he remembered all this, anyone who put a genuine smile on his little girl's face deserved a little leeway. Hopper was a sucker for Eleven's adorable pout and puppy dog eyes, and he was most certainly a sucker for her smile. Sure El's friends, Lucas, Dustin and Will put a smile on her face when they told her jokes and played with her. It was just that to Hopper's dismay, the one person who made El smile the most was Mike, the one boy who Hopper's protective father side wanted desperately to find something about to hate. But still, Hopper's heart slightly melted every time Mike and El interacted, because nothing makes a dad happier than seeing his daughter's smile shine brighter than the sun. That's why he pretended not to notice when he saw Mike grab El's hand from the corner of his eye. He pretended not to notice when his thirty minute wait in the car became a thirty five minute wait. He pretended not to notice when El snuck a quick, cautious, secretive glance towards the car before reaching up on her tip toes to give Mike a quick peck on the lips for goodb – *WAIT A SECOND. A PECK ON THE LIPS? OH HELL NO. He should've made sure to have his gun visible at all times when the Wheeler boy was around. He should ground Eleven and prevent her from dating until she's at least thirty. (Who is he kidding, Eleven would just give him those sad puppy dog eyes and he'll probably just let her have a sleepover in the boy's basement just to see her smile)*

El finally made it down the driveway into the car after five more minutes of talking to Mike. She looked back and gave Mike one last wave before opening the door and climbing into the car. She turned towards Hopper with a happy, content smile while Hopper pretended to have not noticed her talking with her friends on the porch for the last twenty minutes.

"Had fun today?"

El nodded eagerly with a grin spreading on her face.

"Mike promised to teach me how to play Dungeons and Dragons tomorrow! Lucas said that I would officially be their mage! Dustin

said he'll bring over Eggos tomorrow to eat during my first campaign! Will is going to draw me a picture of a mage tonight and bring it tomorrow to celebrate!"

El announced happily, the words spilling out of her mouth all at once. She proudly showed him a figurine of a mage that Mike let her have to signify her role in their campaign.

"...of course those nerds will make string you into playing D&D with them"

Hopper muttered under his breath, jotting a mental note to find El some girl friends soon to teach her something other than Star Wars, videogames and D&D.

El started to fumble around with the dials for the radio as Hopper hit the gas to head home. He stopped bothering with El's radio choices a while ago. While Hopper preferred the old school music, El was obsessed with The Clash thanks to the Byers, Jonathan and Will. It was slightly too 'pop' for his liking, but he always let her play it because El had him wrapped around her little finger.

"Hey kid."

"Yes?"

Eleven acknowledged as she hummed along to the The Clash.

"You happy?"

Eleven was silent for a few moments, causing Hopper to worry and look at her general direction. Eleven was tenderly stroking and glancing at the small mage figurine like it was the most precious thing in the world instead of a piece of plastic that came with the D&D play board. She had a soft smile on her face, and she looked up at Hopper. She gave him one of her special, rare million-watt smile, complete with the slight crease near her eyes. The one smile that made the forty minute wait in the car absolutely worth it.

"I'm the happiest"